

# The Protectors of the Elements

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Summary: Scarlett and Amy are stepsisters who are evacuated in the midst of World War II. In the countryside, they meet Sierra and Robert. One day, whilst exploring the forest near their house, they stumble upon a cave: the cave of Lightning. \*Based off H2O but doesn't involve much off it\* Enjoy! :D Rated T to be safe.

## 1. Chapter 1

**\*\*Hey guys! This is the H2O fanfiction I mentioned in the Chapter 3 sneak peek of my HP story! (I will update that, I promise! I'm so busy with school and everything!)**

**>This isn't really a H2O story, but it is mainly based of the show so that is why I am uploading it here. You don't need to have any knowledge of H2O to read this! (But, if you don't know anything about H2O, why are you here?)<br>Please enjoy, and read and review! :D**

**>-TheObsessed Fanboy<strong>**

Scarlett sighed as she rested her chin on her fist and gazed out at the scenery that passed the train. It was all so beautiful, what with the tall green trees, emerald grass that shone in the blazing heat and streaming turquoise rivers. She had never seen anything like this: the busy streets of London offered nothing of the sort.

Scarlett then turned her eyes to look at her stepsister, Amy. She was impatiently drumming her fingers on a hardback book that she had long since given up reading. Her light brown hair reflected the sunlight and fell down to her shoulders, hiding her ears from view. She looked up and noticed Scarlett looking; the latter quickly change the direction of her eyes.

The whole journey had been boring. They were the only two in their carriage and there was nothing that either of them could think to say. They had read for the first half an hour into the journey, but soon got tired and stopped. The pens and papers that they had with

them were locked away at the bottom of their trunks, so they weren't accessible.

Suddenly, the carriage door slid open and a girl who looked about the same age as Amy and Scarlett walked in. She placed her things in the overhead compartment before proceeding to plump herself down next to Amy. She smiled at the two girls, not reading the looks of confusion on their faces.

"Hello!" she said, waving slightly. Still, the stepsisters looked confused.

"Hello?" Scarlett replied, intending the greeting to be more of a question as to say "Who are you?" than a genuine reply.

"How have you been?" the girl said back, still completely oblivious to the fact that neither of the two others in the carriage with her didn't have any clue as to who she was.

Before Scarlett could answer, Amy butted in.

"Who are you?" she demanded, her eyes staying fixed on the girl's face. The pointy chin was slightly familiarâ€|

It was the girl's turn to look confused. Surely they knew her?

Then her face hit with realisation, and she burst out laughing.

"Oh!" she cried, moving her hand away from her mouth. "I'm so stupid! Sorry, I'm Sierra Thomas! I've seen you before!"

Sierra held out her hand to Scarlett.

"Seen us before?" Amy questioned, shaking her head. Scarlett took the girl's hand and shook it.

"In London?" Sierra informed her, her face covered with obviousness. Scarlett concentrated on the girl's face and then nodded her head. Amy soon recognised her as well. They both informed her of their names and soon they were speedily talking away.

As the train sped forward, the day grew on and on. In what seemed like a very short time (although it had only been a couple of hours) the engine stopped and the train halted. Outside of their window, the girls could see a sign that read Waddleworth Station. This was their destination.

"Where are you going?" Sierra asked her new friends as they stepped off the train. She looked at their name tags and shouted; "Me too!" Her face lit up. They stepped onto the platform and sat on an empty bench, waiting for the fuss of people to die down. Masses of children and adults alike walked past, clinging onto each other, desperate not to lose one another. A few small infants were crying.

A tall woman with dark brown, almost black, hair walked up towards the three girls. Her face was slightly wrinkled and her eyebrows were frowning.

"Amy Burns?" the woman asked, looking at Amy, who sat on the edge

nearest the lady. Her voice was a heavy Northern one. Amy nodded and stood up, followed by Scarlett and Sienna. The woman stepped back to allow them room. She looked at the sheet of paper she was holding in her gloved hand.

"And where is Robert? Robert Soil?" she asked, looking around her. Amy and Sierra snickered at the name. The woman raised her eyebrows.

"Well, we shall have to wait. I am Anastasia Lewisham. I will be looking after you for the time being." Scarlett curtsied. Miss Lewisham smiled, impressed by her manners.

The group waited for about 5 minutes before a boy, who was most likely a year older than Scarlett, Sierra and Amy. He had light hair and green eyes.

"Ah! Robert?" Miss Lewisham asked him, eyeing his figure. The boy nodded, keeping silent. "Right then, shall we go?" she turned to the girls, and gestured for the four of them to follow her. She led them out of the station, down a small path, past a blackberry bush (which she allowed the children pick off and enjoy the delicious edibles " of which they were wary, not sure or not if they were safe) and then soon they entered a small field. In sight was a pretty little house, with the blackout curtains already drawn and the chimney wheezing out its last puffs of smoke. In the garden was a tree with several branches that looked like it would make a good climb.

"Welcome to Collingly Cottage!" Miss Lewisham said, walked forward and opening the small white gate leading into the garden. She entered, looked back and smiled and held her arm out wildly, beckoning for her guests to do the same. They all entered the garden. The soft squeaking of birds flooded the evacuees' ears. Their eyes opened wide in wonder. Never before had they ever seen or heard a more beautiful sight or sound.

Scarlett, Sierra and Amy sat in their homemade tent that they had constructed with their bed covers. The tiny light of the candle stick in the middle of them slightly showed the tiredness etched upon their pale faces. They had been forced to tie their hair back so that the risk of it catching fire wouldn't be an issue.

"It's lovely here, isn't it?" Scarlett said, her chattering lips providing somewhat of a smile. Her blue eyes glistened in the dim glow.

"Yes," Sierra agreed, holding her hands closer to the candle stick. Amy nodded in agreement.

A door creaked open somewhere near the room, and the girls silently shrieked. Even Amy, who barely ever got scared ("Or at least pretends she doesn't," in the words of Scarlett) was frightened. They blew out the candle and held the covers closer to them.

\_Creak.\_

The noise of someone walking on the floorboards was incredibly close. None of the girls said anything. The only sound was the noise of the floorboards and the quick, unsteady breathing of the girls.

The noise of the floorboards came closer, and the girls could tell that, whoever the footsteps belonged to, they were incredibly close.

A hand grabbed the tent. It was ripped back, exposing the girls to the cold, fierce air of the night.

Robert stood before them, his amber candle flickering in the wind.

"What are you still doing up?" he whispered, sitting down on the bed.

"We ask you the same question," Amy said back, her voice starting off loud then getting quieter as she realised the volume of her tone.

Robert shrugged and put the candle holder on the bedside table. He crossed his legs on the mattress and looked at the three girls before him.

"So, what were you talking about?" he muttered.

"Nothing!" Scarlett hissed, surprising Amy and herself. She wrapped her arms around her, throwing the covers over her icy feet.

Robert moved backwards a little and tried to take the cover. Amy hit him on the hand, so he opted for a pillow, instead.

"Spooky place, eh?" he muttered, glancing around the room. An owl hooted from the tree outside the window.

"Spooky?" Sierra said, staring at the boy. "Yes, but it's beautiful, isn't it?"

The others nodded in agreement.

They were silent for a while, taking in the noise of the animals outside and the fresh smell of rain pattering on the window sill.

"I'm tired!" Scarlett yawned, stretching her arms. "Can we please go to bed?"

Sierra yawned in reply.

Robert got up, said good night, and left. Sierra and Scarlett went and got into their beds, and then Amy blew out the candle.

"Night!" she whispered, before resting her head on her pillow and closing her eyes.

## 2. The Lightning Cave

\*\*Here's the second chapter :D I know it isn't the best, but, enjoy anyway! Please, R&R! :D

>- TheObsessedFanboy<strong>

Grey clouds swept across the sky the next morning, engulfing

Waddleworth Village in darkness. A slight wind blew through the air, curving the rough green leaves of the trees in the forest. Rain poured down from the clouds, pattering on the cobblestoned pathway leading to the front door of Collingly Cottage, which a milkman, clad in white, had just left a glass of milk in front of.

"I couldn't sleep a wink last night!" Sierra moaned as she followed Scarlett and Amy down the hallway towards the dining room. "I mean, my bed was okay and everything, but it's just so odd not being in London. That owl sound freaked the life out of me! Did you hear it?" Both of the girls before her shook their heads and stifled a giggle.

"Good morning, girls!" Miss Lewisham greeted as the three children walked into the dining room. She sipped on her tea. "I and Robert here were just talking about going on a walk after breakfast! How does that sound?"

The three girls proceeded to look out of the window, against which heavy rain was pouring.

"It's raining," Scarlett said simply, taking the seat next to Miss Lewisham. She glared behind her out of the window. There was no way that anybody would be getting her in that. She got anxious just by having a bath.

Miss Lewisham laughed.

"That's nothing to hold you back, dear! Is it, girls?"

Sierra shook her head but Amy remained still.

"I think it is," she muttered, biting into some bacon. Everyone excluding Scarlett looked at her oddly. "Her father died of drowning," she explained, continuing to chew her bacon. "She hates anything to do with water."

Scarlett's cheeks went scarlet. She looked down at her lap.

"A little rain won't hurt, will it?" Robert said, smirking.

The rest of the meal was eaten in silence.

A fierce wind blew through the trees. Rain hammered down on the soil. Thunder started to rumble.

Suddenly, a blue light surrounded the air for a moment, soon returning to normal.

"One," Miss Lewisham muttered under her breath, hoping not to be heard. Sierra, the nearest to her, did.

"Miss Lewisham?" she whispered, standing next to her guardian.

Miss Lewisham didn't reply. Her eyes stayed focused on the sky, which seemed to gradually be growing dark by the minute. Despite the ice cold wind, the woman didn't shiver beneath her thin coat.

Another strike of lightning lit up the sky.

"Two," said Miss Lewisham, her face getting pale. "Come, children, we must hurry!" She picked up her speed a tiny bit. After jogging slightly, she tripped up and landed on the wet dirt.

"Miss Lewisham!" Sierra and Scarlett cried, running forward and helping her get up. In no way did she look harmed, but her entire front half was covered in damp, brown soil.

"Oh, no!" she said simply, not even appearing to be bothered. "I should go home and wash up. I presume you can find your own way home? Yes? Good! Bye!" With that, the lady rushed off so quickly that none of the children could say anything.

"Well, she's a brilliant guardian, isn't she?" Amy said sarcastically, stepping back. "Normal people would be screaming and â€" she began to add, but she stumbled over a tree stump and fell backwards, right down a hole.

"Amy!" Scarlett screamed, kneeling next to the hole. "Amy! Are you down there?"

Her voice travelled down the hole, echoing as it bounced along the rough stone walls. It swam into Amy's ears.

"Yes, I'm fine!" she groaned in reply, rubbing her head. She stood up and looked at her surroundings. She was in some sort of dimly lit cave passageway.

"What's down there?" a voice called down, though Amy couldn't place who it belonged to.

"It's just a cave! But come down, it's odd being on my own!"

She shivered and stood back, allowing space for the others to jump down. After a short hesitation, Sierra fell, landing remarkably on her feet. Amy clapped.

Next was Robert. Like Amy, he landed on his back, but his coat was thicker than hers, so his fall was more gentle.

The three of them waited for about a minute, wondering where Scarlett was. When Sierra checked, she was dangling from the brim of the whole, her feet about a metre off of the ground. She looked like she was perfectly fine where she was.

"Oh, come \_on\_!" Amy shouted impatiently, standing directly under her stepsister. "It isn't that far!"

Scarlett still remained hanging. Amy thought of something.

"No! Scarlett, there's a snake up there!" she said, faking fear. She jumped out of the way just as the girl slipped down.

"Run!" she cried, pushing past them and racing down the cavernous hallway. Amy, Sierra and Robert chased after her, laughing and making hisses.

Soon they all came out into a sort of volcano-type cave. It was shaped like a large, rocky vase. The floor was mostly flat, but a small part stuck up in the middle, twisting up for about 2 feet. It

looked like a sort of lightning bolt.

"Wow," Sierra breathed, trailing her hand along the rough stone of the walls. "It's amazing!"

The other three were also in awe. They walked around, picking up different types of rocks and comparing them with others. None of them had ever seen anything like it before.

\_BOOM!\_

A massive sound erupted from the middle of the cave, right where the lightning shaped stone stood. All four children rushed over, and their mouths fell of their faces.

The brim of the cave was being circled by lightning. The whole cave lit up in blue light, illuminating everything. Four images carved onto the walls, but each child could only see one.

Robert saw what looked like roots digging in the ground. The fact that they hadn't been there before didn't before him; he was too busy trying to work out what the picture meant.

In front of Sierra's eyes flashed a cloud. Birds were flying in and out of it, and three little curved lines resembled wind blowing fiercely through the air.

Flames blew up in front of Amy's eyes. They twisted and curled; the orange and yellow flickering in perfect synchronisation.

The waves of the sea splashed against the shore. A dolphin jumped out of the water, front flipping before he went back under. A shark curved its way through the blueness. Scarlett grinned. It looked so beautiful.

Whilst the four were staring at their individual images, four forks of lightning reached down; through the one fork that was already circling the brim of the vase. They crept down to the lightning stone, and, when they landed on it in unison, a bright white glow emitted. Four other forks, coloured blue, green, silver and red, silently slithered towards each of the childrenâ€¦

### 3. Discovering

\*\*Okay. I am SO SO SO SO SO SORRY. I just want you to know that I NEVER forgot about this story. It takes up most of my brain space. I have had this story in my thoughts for about a year now, but I just never found the time to write it. Here's the third chapter. Thanks, guys! :D And special thanks to AvatarKane for reviewing! So glad you enjoyed it! :D

>If you can't tell, I love Scarlett the<strong> \*\*most.\*\*</strong>

Scarlett's head spun as she opened her eyes, yawned and sat up. She was sitting her bedroom in Collingly Cottage, but she couldn't recall how she was in there. She didn't remember going to bed last night. She didn't even remember that there was a last night.

Looking across the room, the girl saw that Amy's and Sierra's beds were vacant. As she left the room and walked downstairs, she heard

chatting in the dining room. Looking in, she saw Anastasia, Robert, Sierra and Amy sitting around the table, eating a small breakfast. They had almost finished, as Scarlett sat down, Robert excused himself and walked out. Sierra left soon afterwards, followed by Amy.

"Did you sleep well, Scarlett, dear?" the lady asked. She sipped her tea, smiling. Her face seemed younger. Scarlett suddenly noted on the fact that she hadn't informed the evacuees of her age. She looked around twenty seven. She must have just been stressed when Scarlett saw wrinkles on her face the other day; either that or she was imagining things.

"I think so," Scarlett stuttered, rubbing her head. "I have an awful headache."

Anastasia smiled.

"Oh, just eat your breakfast and drink your tea and you'll be okay. Some water will be good, as well. After eating, go to the back garden and get some water from the well. The fresh air will benefit you, too."

Scarlett thanked the lady for her help, after which the woman left, leaving Scarlett on her own. She ate slowly, and then stood up after she had finished the meal. She went upstairs, got changed, and then walked into the garden. The air was cold, but it was a pleasant feeling. Scarlett slowly approached the well. She held her hand out to grab the rope to pull the bucket up.

But the bucket was already there.

And water filled it to the brim.

But Scarlett had seen it empty as walked out.

It had been but dry just a matter of a second ago.

The girl gazed around.

Had she done that.

"No," she told herself. "What an irrational thought, you stupid idiot! Stop playing around. It must have been full."

It wasn't, though.

Scarlett didn't drink. Instead, she hastily ran instead. She grabbed a mug from one of the cupboards.

She held out her hand.

Pure water instantly appeared in the mug, consuming its bare insides.

The girl was afraid.

But, at the same time, she was amazed, too.

\* \* \*



><p>Robert and Sierra were out, climbing a tree. It was windy and the branches were damp from yesterday, causing them to be slippery. The two had almost fell a couple of times, but they managed to save themselves.<p>

Except from the time that was about to come.

A gust of wind blew, tearing the weak stick that the new friends were standing on from its home.

They fell, plummeting from twenty feet.

Neither hit the ground.

Sierra hovered just centimetres above the Earth, her breath tickling the mud and leaves scattering the ground. She looked to the side of her and saw a tree that hadn't been there before.

The tree was Robert.

Sierra stopped hovering and fell on the ground. She didn't know how, but she had been suspended in the air. She wasn't concentrating on that at the moment, however. She had just witnessed a boy turn into a tree and a tree turn into a boy.

"What was that?" the two said simultaneously.

\* \* \*

><p>Amy sat alone, cuddling up to her knitted, itchy jumper. It was so cold in the room. The fire blazed so small that it gave out quite a negative affect to the one it should have produced.<p>

The red headed girl eventually got so irritated by the occasional, useless orange flicker that she stood up and stormed over to the fireplace. She went to grab the poker, clenching her hand around it.

The fire shot up and was alight.

Amy screamed and jumped back. The blaze cackled, as if laughing at her. At first, the girl believed the room would burst into flames, but the burning tongue remained comfortably in its little home.

Scarlett came in.

"What was with the screaming?" she asked, coming to stand next to her stepsister. She smiled at the warmth of the fire.

Amy shook her head and muttered an inaudible noise.

"I just...I...I don't know."

Scarlett looked slightly confused but then shook her head.

"Anyway, I need to tell you something. You may want to sit down." The girl redirected a still terrified Amy to an armchair, and then she grabbed an empty vase from the window sill. "Now, you might find this

a bit-

She stopped when Robert and Sierra hurried into the room. They looked just as frightened as Amy did.

"What's the matter?" Scarlett questioned.

No one replied. Scarlett realised that her holding an empty vase looked rather bizarre, but then she also saw that Sierra and Robert weren't paying attention and didn't care at all.

Eventually, Robert spoke.

"I was a tree."

Sierra nudged him in the side. Scarlett's eyes opened wide.

"Excuse me?"

"I was a tree. Sierra and I were falling from quite high up. I didn't want to get hurt. I was thinking that, if I were a tree myself, I wouldn't fall any more. Then, I became a tree."

Sierra sighed.

"Fine, then. I hovered a few centimetres above the ground. Just before I hit it, I stopped and floated in mid air; I came back down as soon as my brain thought of the idea of gravity."

Amy, still staring at the fire, her face pale, spoke.

"I enlarged the fire."

Scarlett's blue eyes dashed from one person to another. An idea was racking in her brain.

"Wait. Robert, a tree? Let's say that's earth. Sierra, you hovered, right? Defying gravity, like flying, so...air. Amy, you blew up a fire? Well, fire, naturally. And I-

Scarlett moulded her hand and the vase filled with water. The other three seem shocked, but not as unnerved as they would have been, had those strange situations not happened to them.

"Water."

"The four elements?" Robert asked for confirmation.

Scarlett nodded. She liked Robert. He was rather intelligent.

"We might be able to control an element each?" Sierra squealed, jumping up and down and clapping. She grinned.

"Shh, Sierra!" Scarlett ordered. "Calm down. We might be able to. It just seems too...impossible. How? Why? When? What? Where? Who?"

All of those six questions would stick in their minds for quite a while.

End  
file.